

Greek (we may recall the comrades of
 Odysseus and their
 equally fatal curiosity about the skin in which
 Aeolus had
 shut die winds) removed the lid, let out the
 hornet-
 swarm of human ills to darken earth, and
 was only quick
 enough to keep back one of them, Hope—an
 evil thing,
 like her companions. For Hope is the mother
 of Great
 Expectations and therefore the grandmother
 of Despair;
 and yet a sweet cheat, also, one evil more
 without whom
 the rest would be more than man could
 bear. We are
 far here from the Hope of St. Paul, one of the
 three Graces
 of Christianity* But the Greeks were not a
 hopeful race.
 Being intelligent, they did not pretend things
 are better
 than they are; and being, like the Icelanders
 of the Sagas,
 indomitably vital, they may have made
 something much
 better, in consequence, of things as they are.
 They might
 not 'percen with *z pater-noster* • the paleys of
 hevene'; but
 there was no neurotic melancholy about the
 race that
 produced Homer and built the Parthenon.

No doubt this religion of Hesiod shows,
 even as com-
 pared with Langland's, a savagery and
 immorality that for
 some readers will outweigh the happier
 sense of beauty
 in the Greek. Yet was paganism really as
 absurd in theory
 and immoral in practice as we have been
 brought up to
 assume? For with figures in Hesiod like
 Chaos, Earth,
 and Love (Attraction) appears a first glimmer
 of scientific
 symbolism. And as poetic symbols of the

forces of life
are Aphrodite or Dionysus, beautiful,
terrible, beyond
good and evil, further from what we now
suspect to be
die truth, than a single all-wise, all-
righteous, all-loving
Mind? Are we not tending more and more to
say of this
Universe which gives life and joy with one
hand, agony

lasting youth, of looking always forward; the
opposite of the
mediaeval Christian insistence on backward-
brooding Repentance
and Contrition, on Remorse and the Worm of
Conscience.